

THE BLOCKHEAD BOMBARDMENT: MORE THREATS OF FRIGHTFULNESS

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

ADMIRAL STURDEE PAYS A FLYING VISIT HOME, AND GOES  
TO COMFORT THE WOUNDED.

2P. 32.2



Miss Sturdee.

Lady Sturdee.

Admiral Sturdee.

Admiral Sturdee, the hero of the Falkland Islands fight, has paid a visit of eighteen hours to his home at Droxford, in Hampshire. In that short time, however, he managed to journey over to Court Hampton, the fine country house of Mr. Long, a local gentle-

man, who has turned it into a hospital. All the nurses here are ladies of the local hunt. Admiral Sturdee, accompanied by Lady Sturdee and Miss Sturdee, chatted with the wounded patients and left them all cheerful.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



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# GERMAN NAVY TRESSES TO CHEER ITSELF UP BY CHILDISH THREATS

## Solemn Announcement of "Blockade" by Fleet That Won't Fight.

## KAISER'S "JOLLY ROGER" SUBMARINES.

## Britain's Fleet in War Zone Only Too Eager to Meet the Big Bluff-aders.

## TORPEDO-PIRATES SEEN AT ZEEBRUGGE.

Germany's threat to blockade the British coast is without doubt the greatest "bluff" ever attempted by any country.

Its purpose is threefold—to cheer up unhappy stay-at-home Huns, to act as an advertisement of Germany's power for the benefit of neutrals, and to frighten us.

Perhaps it may cheer up Germans—they are easily pleased; perhaps it may convince neutrals—although it is exceedingly doubtful, but it will not frighten us, because we know Germany is bluffing. We know Germany cannot blockade a single British port, let alone the whole coast; we know the German ships are skulking in cotton-wool, not because they like it, but because they cannot help themselves.

No greater compliment has been paid to the efficiency of Britain's Fleet. Those who doubtfully asked what the Navy is doing have now been told by our press.

Germany admits that our Navy is strong enough to starve her 70,000,000 Huns.

She also admits that her own Navy cannot stop us by a straight fight.

A blockade is perfectly legitimate, but it has to be effective. In simple English, the Germans must be strong enough to prevent ships from coming into or going out of our ports.

But we know, and they know, that if they could do it they would have sunk our ships without bothering to give a fortnight's notice of their intentions.

The fact remains that not a single British soldier has lost his life through crossing the Channel. And the Germans know by bitter experience that there is quite a nice collection of British soldiers facing them, and that soon there will be many more.

## GERMANY BOOMING HER VIEW OF BLOCKADE.

## Big Effort in Bluff Which Might Be Serious to Neutral Trade.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 5.—Germany is advertising her great forthcoming blockade on a giant scale and in a way unsurpassed since last year, when she announced the probable date of the German entry into Paris.

Wolf's Agency is busier now than it has been for a considerable time.

Many Scandinavian papers have devoted half a page to this subject.

This, however, is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that if Germany is able to carry out this business, and thereby prove that it is not bluff alone, the notification would be extremely serious to neutral trade.

The *Hovedstadstidende* speaks quite frankly on the situation. It says:—

"If the neutral countries are not going to stop or prohibit their countrymen from sailing to England they are going to do the opposite to what Germany expects them to do, and the question is, 'Shall we follow this advice?'

"We cannot stop the belligerents from having their life interests, which they want respected, but at the same time the neutral countries also have their life interests, which they must also have respected."

"This life interest is of an economical character, and with regard to Denmark her agricultural exports will continue, but they will stop if Germany's latest theory also embodies a blockade of the Russian ports."

"In the latter case Russia might expect us to discontinue shipping to Germany, and cease our service of ferries to Sweden in order to preserve impartiality. We must, however, wait to hear England's opinion."—Exchange Special.

## HOLLAND'S FEAR.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 5.—Shipping circles in Holland are seriously alarmed at Germany's threat to close the North Sea by considering it "war territory."

The question is asked: "How are mail boats to England to be run if the Dutch flag does not protect them from German submarines?"—Exchange Special.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 5.—The *National Tidende* will publish an article to-day declaring the menace of the German Admiralty Staff to

neutral shipping is a brutal violation of free neutral commerce.

"Our hope is that the German menace will not be carried out, but if it is it will cause the deepest indignation in all neutral States."—Central News.

## GERMAN DESPERATION.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The *Tribe*'s Washington correspondent telegraphs that Germany's declaration that war zone exists round the British Isles is regarded as new evidence of the state of desperation to which Germany is rapidly developing because of the cutting off of her food supplies.

The action, it is declared, is without any basis in international law and warrants a vigorous protest.

The *Tribe* in an editorial says: "It is playing with fire, and desperation could go little further."—Central News.

## "TO STARVE US OUT."

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 5.—According to the Berlin correspondent of the *National Tidende*, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor, in the course of an interview declared:—

"England wishes to starve out Germany, but we have food enough to last until next harvest if only we are economical. It is only a question of organisation."

"The Government has taken the matter in hand and will distribute the food, so scarcity will not lead to dangerous increase of prices."

"I do not do this, we should soon be starved out. England is treating us as a besieged fortification."

"Mr. Winston Churchill desires to starve out a people numbering seventy millions. Do you know of any form of warfare more barbaric?"

"Do Englishmen think that we shall miss the first favourable opportunity for taking counter-measures? This will soon come."—Central News.

## SEA PIRATES ON THE PROWL.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 5.—The *Vaz Dias* Agency learns that several submarines have arrived at Zeebrugge.

It may be anticipated that England and British transports may be attacked from this naval base.

A train has arrived at Liege with 910 severely wounded German soldiers from La Bassée region.—Central News.

## HUNS' TRENCH BLOWN UP

PARIS, Feb. 5.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium the German aviators showed great activity.

Yesterday evening's communiqué reported the capture of one of the enemy's trenches on the west of the road from Arras to Lille, to the north of Ecurie.

This trench hampered the troops occupying the ground gained by us some days ago to the east of that road.

We blew it up with a mine, and immediately afterwards a detachment of Zouaves and Light African Infantry firmly established themselves on the captured position.

All the Germans in the captured trench were either killed or taken prisoners.

Our artillery silenced the enemy's batteries north of Adin, south of Arras; Pozieres, northeast of Albert; and Honn, north-west of Peronne, as well as in the Bailly sector, south of Noyon.

Nothing fresh to report in the Perthes district. In the Argonne a single attack was made at Bataille.

This attack, which resulted in our losing 100 yards of trench, was answered by two counter-attacks on our part, which not only regained those 100 yards, but captured ground beyond.

In the Vosges, artillery engagements. On the rest of the front nothing reported.—Reuter.

## GERMANS ANGLING FOR ITALY'S NEUTRALITY.

## Remarkable Article on How "Compensation" Might Be Obtained in Friendly Way.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 4.—The *Frankfurter Zeitung* to-day publishes a very remarkable article from Vienna on Austro-Italian relations and the opinions which the writer expresses may not be unreasonable. The article is identical with those of the German Government and Prince Buelow.

The most significant passage is the following:—

"Only one debatable difference between Italy and the Dual Monarchy can at the most be said to exist. Austria, from of old, is in possession of territory which is not absolutely indispensable for her status concerning territory or trade, which is inhabited by Italians, and which is passionately claimed by Italian nationalists on the ground of nationality."

"That is the Trentino, in South Italy, and perhaps a little piece on the River Isonzo, near Gorizia."

But national enthusiasm wishes this territory to be united into one State. We cannot believe that such a concession of these wishes is not attainable in a friendly way."

However well we may understand that on the Austro-Italian concessions these wishes would be regarded as a sacrifice, there could nevertheless be no comparison between such a view and the value which would be destroyed by a conflict between both parties."

But it should be carefully noted that only to an Italy remaining within the Triple Alliance can compensation be given, and, of course, only on the basis of complete reciprocity.—Reuter.

## INVADED EGYPT ONLY AS PRISONERS OF WAR.

## Turks Retreat from the Suez Canal—Ottoman Soldiers Without Food or Drink.

"The invasion of Egypt," says the official account of the fighting in the Suez Canal region on February 2 and 3, "has only taken the form of Turkish prisoners being brought to Cairo."

The official account, states a Reuter Cairo message of yesterday's date, says:—

The Toussoum post was attacked by infantry. At the same time a determined attempt was made, under cover of heavy Maxim fire, to cross the canal by means of pontoons and rafts.

After a certain amount of fighting, including an advance from Serapeum, the enemy retired. During the action eight officers and 292 men were taken prisoners, and a large number of dead was left lying in front of our position.

At El Masara, the enemy was twice hit by shells, ten men being wounded. The other British losses were two officers and thirteen men killed and fifty-eight wounded. One officer and two men of the killed and one of the wounded belonged to the Egyptian Field Artillery, which rendered valuable service yesterday.

At the Ismailia ferry at daylight the enemy was found entrenching 800 yards from our posts.

## TURKS' FIRE.

Two battalions fired on us with rifles. There were no British casualties.

At El Kantara our outposts were attacked. The enemy was driven off, leaving twenty-one killed and twenty-five wounded and thirty-six men wounded, who were taken prisoners. Later a partial attack from the south by the enemy was repulsed. The British casualties were twenty-four wounded.

At El Masara, the enemy forces engaged was at least 12,000 men and six batteries.

The conduct of the troops—British, Indian, Egyptian—was excellent.—Reuter.

ROME, Feb. 5.—The officers of the steamship *Urania*, which has arrived at Naples, state that while in the Suez Canal they witnessed fighting at Ismailia.

The Turks lost heavily, and the British took a large number of prisoners, including a dozen German officers.

Some of the prisoners stated that they began the attack without having had anything to eat or drink, and apparently they did not willingly obey their German officers.—Central News.

YOG, Feb. 4.—According to the Cairo correspondent of the *Secolo*, a Turkish officer who has been made prisoner declared that the Turkish forces marching towards Egypt numbered 90,000, with 20,000 Bedouins.—Central News.

## WOMEN FORCED TO WATCH HUNS' BUTCHERY.

## Fathers Lined Up and "Executed" in Presence of Their Children.

The atrocious cruelty of the German Army in Belgium receives terrible illustrations in the report, issued yesterday, of the Commission of Inquiry on the violation of the Rules of International Law and of the Laws and Customs of War.

Only the evidence of actual eye-witnesses of the incidents mentioned is included in the report. The following extracts are taken from the part of the report which deals with the murder of innocent civilians.

At Surice, while the village was burning, a group of some fifty or sixty persons of both sexes were driven together. The eighteen men were separated from the women, and told that they were to be shot.

There were fathers and sons side by side. Opposite them were their mothers and daughters waiting and praying.

The massacre was carried out under their eyes. All the men fell together, mowed down by a volley.

One or two showed signs of life, whereupon the soldiers finished them off with the butt ends of their rifles. They then turned out the pockets of the dead, and stripped off some of their clothes.

At a distance of a mile or so, a place long after that hamlet had been occupied by the German troops. They had been staying there for ten days, and the panic-stricken inhabitants had been doing their best to keep them in good temper by every possible means.

On August 29 the men were all arrested and led to a meadow, with their hands tied behind their backs.

Then, according to the evidence of the witness who described the scene to us, eighteen men were shot, including an old man of seventy and his three sons. They were executed in the presence of their wives and children.

Many instances are given of the use of civilians as shields for German troops. On one occasion a group of eight nuns were made to remain on the Sambre Bridge in order to prevent the French from bombarding it.

Dealing with the outrageous treatment given to civilian hostages in Germany, the reporter, after telling of the hunger and privations of the journey, says that in German cases in German towns they were exposed for hours in a pillory the victims of curses and blows from sticks and the butt ends of rifles.

## BRITISH AIRMEN INJURED.

An aeroplane accident occurred yesterday between Dover and Deal, two officers being injured.

## MASSED ATTACKS BY "DEATH" DIVISIONS.

## Whole Companies of Germans Killed in Suicidal Attempt to Break Russian Lines,

## 100 BATTERIES FAIL.

Furious, suicidal attacks by the Germans who are trying to hack their way through to Warsaw at any cost, is the feature of the fighting in Poland.

German desperation is shown by the following facts:—

Seven divisions hurled in massed formation against the Russians.

Concentrated fire from 100 German batteries. This was the result the Germans achieved:—

Russian fire inflicted appalling slaughter amongst the dense Russian ranks.

Whole German companies were bayoneted.—Reuter.

Bodies of Germans were piled breast high.—Central News.

## MASSES AT DEATH GRIPS.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 5.—German prisoners captured at Borjinoft, in the Eastern Prussia, where the Russian troops gained their recent success, give a graphic description of the terrible fighting in that region.

Seven divisions, called by the German soldiers the "divisions of death," inasmuch as they realised that they were doomed to destruction, were hurled against the Russians on an extremely confined front.

The slaughter among the dense ranks of the enemy on this narrow front was appalling.

Having repelled the attack, the Russians then counter-attacked, making one of the most brilliant charges in their military history, whole companies of the enemy being bayoneted in their trenches.

The estate of Voliaschidlovsk, in this sector, was one of the keys to the strategic position captured by the Russians at 10.30 on Wednesday morning.

## SUICIDAL ATTACK.

The fighting at this point with great masses of troops engaged in a death melee recalls the battle of Borodino, in the Russian campaign.

In view of the German's position, seven weeks' battering of the Borjinoft-Gummine front, Russian military critics are inclined to attribute their culminating suicidal attack as inspired by despair.—Reuter's Special.

## TEN BAYONET FIGHTS.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 4.—An official communiqué issued by the Headquarters Staff in East Prussia says:—

Yesterday we made progress along both sides of the Scheskoupa River in the Ladsener district.

On the left bank of the Vistula the battle on the Borjinoft-Volia-Schidlovsk front continued with extraordinary violence, the enemy advancing in compact masses in the endeavour to break through our lines.

At this point the enemy brought up seven divisions, supported by a hundred batteries.

The counter-attack began on Wednesday night and was immediately followed by a series of bayonet charges, in which we compelled the enemy to act on the defensive.

In the Carpathians fighting is in progress along the front from the Dukla Pass to the Vishkovt Heights.

Near Svidnik, in the valley of the Labortoch River, and in the direction of Ujok, we have advanced, taking 2,000 prisoners.

## BATTLES OF THE PASSES.

In the Foulkholka and Beskid passes, during the last few days our troops have offered a stout resistance, and accepted about ten bayonet fights, which they supplemented with counter-attacks.

On February 3 we decided to withdraw our troops from these passes to positions previously prepared. The attacking forces of the enemy operating here are very strong.

Attempts by the enemy to advance in the Vishkovt Pass in the vicinity of Taistaroft have been repelled with heavy losses to him.—Reuter.

## HUNS RUSHED TO HUNGARY

VENICE, Feb. 4.—According to telephone messages from the Austrian frontier, there are now 30,000 German troops in Hungary.

Their objective is Korosmezo, where they are going to relieve the Hungarian forces which are in danger of being enveloped by the Russians.

Reports from Cracow state that the governor has been ordered by the Austrian General Staff to make preparations for the arrival of a German army of 500,000 men, which is being drawn from the forces operating in Central Poland for the purpose of raising the siege of Przemyśl.

The Russians are said to be attacking the fortress very vigorously, and news help arrives within a week it is declared that the position of Przemyśl will be very serious.—Reuter's Special.



# ADMIRAL STURDEE'S HOMECOMING: A PROUD VILLAGE.



Admiral Sturdee making a short speech to the villagers.



Meon Lea, Droxford, Admiral Sturdee's village home.

Droxford (Hampshire) welcomed its hero home on Thursday. He is Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands, and his return was made the occasion for great rejoicings. All the village turned out in honour of the admiral and every cottage for miles displayed a flag.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



The Admiral's daughter welcomed him.

## MOTHER! IF YOUR CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED,

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Bilious, and the Stomach

Out of Order, Give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative to-day saves a bilious child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste: then the liver grows sluggish, and the stomach is disordered.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, with tainted breath, restless, doesn't eat heartily, or has a cold, sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is a perfectly harmless dose, and in a few hours all this constipation-poison, sour bile and fermenting waste-matter will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a healthy, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell California Syrup of Figs at 1s. 11d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Refuse substitutes.—(Advt.)

## NEGLECTING INFLUENZA. A WARNING.

Reports show that Influenza's most destructive influence this season has been felt amongst people who neglected previous "slight" attacks. From many districts victims are complaining of prostration through debility and nervous breakdown following sharp colds; heart and stomach attacks are prevalent; also neuralgia and pains in the back and limbs; all Influenza's after-effects.

It is not always easy to tell when one has contracted Influenza, so be on your guard. The worst dangers, however, are in the after-effects, for Influenza's germs and poisons thin the blood and fill the system with destructive dregs that weaken resistance against serious maladies. Nervous breakdown, heart troubles and rheumatism are usual after-effects.

Before Influenza's poisons can be dispelled new blood must replace the poisoned stream. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make good, new blood that they act like a charm on the system weakened by Influenza. They give tone to the nerves, restore appetite, and infuse fresh energies and ambition.

So drive out Influenza's dregs to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and make your constitution strong against disease. Obtain them at dealers, but substitutes will not do.

FREE. "The Blood and Its Work." Send a postcard for this useful guide, to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

## DEATH.

MOOR-RADFORD.—On October 26, died from wounds received the same day at Krusick, near Ypres, Lieutenant L. C. Moor-Radford, 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, 7th Division (38th), the dearly beloved and only surviving son of Alfred and Blanche Moor-Radford, of 83a, Holland Park, Kensington, aged twenty-four years.

Their Majesties the King and Queen have sent a most gracious message to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moor-Radford in their sad loss.

Lieutenant Leslie Claude Moor-Radford was gazetted to 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment (38th) on April 20, 1910, and became Lieutenant January 1, 1913. His Colonel writes: "He worked hard for his regiment, and I am sure he would have been of assistance at Ypres. He was to be trusted with any responsibility. I had the highest opinion of him as a promising young officer, and was greatly indebted to him for his splendid work as editor and founder of the Regimental Gazette. Many staff officers told me it was the best they had seen." Lieutenant Moor-Radford was educated at Eastmans, Winchester, and the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

## PERSONAL.

M. D. H.—Anxious and longing. Your place ever calling. DEAREST Pip—Do write, ill, going in hospital.—Mim (Madden).

FRIENDS—traced, secret watchings.—Rivers, 20, Regent-street, London.

"FORGET ME NOT" Winner, Mrs. F. Kethro, 26, Han-nah-st, Manchester.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st, W.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

A. Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by it.—Stamp for booklet, if Howard, 11, Red Lion-g W.C. CINEMA, Stage, Music-hall.—Best's, 25, Gude free! everything explained.—Graham's, 255, Kensington-rd. R. EQUITABLE, an energetic and trustworthy man, good references, to represent old-established company.—Address J. 2010, "Daily Mirror," 25, Boulevard, E.C.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by A. post; utmost value or return or other made.—Messrs. Browning, 43, Oxford-st, London. Edith, 100 years. CAST-OFF Clothes—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc.; best prices; buyers attend free; cash by return of parcel.—Myers, 36, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1843 Park, E.C.

## MARKETING BY POST.

PHEASANTS! Pheasants! Pheasants! 5s. 9d. brace; 4 partridges, 4s.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 6d.; 2 wild duck, 4s. 6d.; 3 teal, 3s. 6d.; 1 pheasant and 2 partridges, 5s.; 4b. shoulder lamb and 2 partridges, 5s. 6d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 6d.; 1 hare and 2 chickens, 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgeware-rd, London, W. SHEEPS and STOW.—Best fresh meat bones, 8lb. 1s. 6d. S 5lb. 1s.; carriage paid.—Palmer, Meat Salesman, Charterhouse-st, Smithfield Market, E.C.

## SAVED COMRADES.



Lance-Corporal G. M. Marshall, Middlesex Regiment, has received the D.C.M. for saving two comrades under fire at La Boutillerie.

## MIDDY SAVED.



Midshipman A. G. T. Grier, of H.M.S. Tiger. Although wounded, his escape from death in the action of January 24 was considered marvellous. He was beside Captain Taylor when the latter was killed by the shell that wounded the subject of this portrait. He is now on a fair way to recovery.

## WILL MARRY SOON.



Miss Mary Truscott, daughter of Sir George Truscott. She will marry Mr. A. Sydney Walker in March at Lancaster-gate.



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1915.

## THE BETTER DAYS.

OUR CARTOONIST has lately illustrated a present sense in some people that enjoyment is out of place, and that a Lenten colour of purple ought to envelop our world until the war ends. We suppose this doubt may be transferred to that great natural amusement, yearly provided, the spring, the re-awakening, the stir and growth of things. Already, as in a little poem we print to-day, those whose business it yearly is metrically to celebrate the new season are beginning to express hesitations. They don't think the spring in good taste, somehow. They "dream that spring should come no more." Or if it come, it should be welcomed coldly, as the visit of a boisterous person inconveniently shouting amongst mourners.

It is improbable that Nature will take the hint. It would indeed be quite like her, this year, to intervene with the irrelevance of many fine warm days, instead of with the "rough winds and shrill" that usually constitute "the speech of May." She will go on, as usual, alternating days full of new breezes with dead cold days. And the sensitive minds, first or second rate, will have a full opportunity of discovering whether they find war more terrible in the dark weather or in the sun.

Last autumn, in that beautiful September, a French peasant said to a newspaper correspondent: "Sir, what a day for men to be killing one another!" Overhead was the gorgeous, tranquil sky. Only, far away, those two heard the boom of the guns. In the spring, in the summer, the old peasant—if he's still there—may make the same reflection. And here at home we shall say: "Lovely weather! One could enjoy it, were it not for the war."

These qualms are, however, vain and belong only to the watchers. For those at the front we can surely wish nothing better than the finer dryer days that may remove the greater part of their sufferings, which, from many letters read, we take to consist less in the artificial discomforts of wet, mud, frost-bitten feet and so on. All the winter generals from November to March have been or will be deadly foes. We look forward for the troops' sake to their being disposed of in due course. Their successors, May and June, will "begin" the war.

Anything that is good for our men out there, is good for all of us. They, with their inextinguishable gaiety of heart, must at least have a better time in the summer. We meanwhile shall hand our Spring over to them—

So for their sake be May still May—and ourselves, perhaps, rather furtively enjoy a little of it too. Who can say? One is sometimes cheerful without meaning it—by accident. W. M.

## REAWAKENING.

I love the autumn when I hear  
The wind-god flute his silver tune  
Round drying leaves, while night draws near  
With violet dusk and misty moon.

But now I dread to hear again  
That music gentler months will bring:  
The cry of reawakened pain  
In those soft murmurs of the spring.

H. R. FRESTON.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

People young and raw and soft-natured think it is an easy thing to gain love, and reckon their own friendship a sure prize of any man's; but when experience shall have shown them the hardness of most hearts, the hollowness of others, and the baseness and ingratitude of almost all, they will find then that a friend is the gift of God.—South.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### THE MODERN PLAGUE.

NUMBERS must wish, like "W. M.," that doctors would, or could, tell us by what means we might hope to escape the plague—influenza—especially as, unlike some other diseases, one attack is no guarantee against others.

I am a working woman, and for many years I seemed to be immune from this epidemic, having even nursed those who suffered from it without contracting it myself, but for the last few years it has fastened on me, causing long weeks of enforced idleness, doctor's bills and worry.

Not only so, but each attack has left its mark in the form of some weakness or ailment I had not known before, and I almost begin to regard

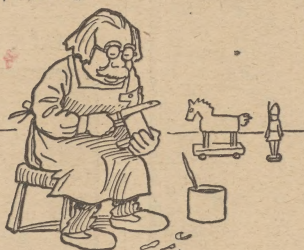
that the world must go its appointed round, that his fellow-men have their own ends to pursue and their own souls to save. And though one half of the nation touches great spiritual heights by its selflessness and gains its crown thereby, the other half must find its own road to salvation. After all, it is infinitely just.

W. S.

WHAT must be the feeling, I wonder, of our soldiers home from the front for a few days' rest when they find the revue (say), with its "beauty chorus," still popular? The incongruity of such a state of things as compared with their experiences of the last three or four months must seem ironical—this even if the majority of patrons are women. No

## THE "GENTLE GERMAN" AS WE KNOW HIM NOW.

IT HAS TAKEN A LONG TIME TO REALISE THAT THE GENTLE GERMAN WITH A PENCHANT FOR TOY-MAKING



— COMBINES A VERY PRETTY TASTE FOR LYING —



— HAS A CHARMING DASH OF THE THIEF ABOUT HIM —



— WITH A STRONG LEANING TOWARDS INCENDIARISM —



— AN ENDEARING HABIT OF MURDER —



— AND AN IRRESISTIBLE PASSION FOR PIRACY! —



We thought of him once as of a mild, bespectacled fellow, full of philosophy and beer. Under Prussian discipline, as the war has shown, all this has been changed for other things.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

myself (and fear my friends do also) as a "permanent invalid."

The scientist who rises up and discovers a means of slaying this noxious microbe, or of making our systems distasteful to him, will surely be one of the greatest benefactors of our time. Doctors please do make haste!

QUININE.

## AMUSEMENTS AND WAR.

SOME of our correspondents seem distressed that the taste for amusement of those not on active service should remain unembittered, in spite of the immense amount of suffering let loose by this war.

While I greatly respect their sensitiveness, I would beg of them not to grieve. Such indifference as they bemoan seems to be a law of life which plays an almost salutary part in adjusting balances.

The poor wretch whose whole life seems shattered by some private tragedy is shocked because the world does not cease to turn upon its axis, and is consumed by shame because his fellow-mortals do not cry out for sackcloth and ashes.

Then gradually—very gradually—he knows

wonder we men who are obliged to stay at home take our pleasures in the tail-between-legs fashion so accurately hit off by your cartoonist. We should do better to avoid such insipience.

W. DOUGLAS.

## "NATURAL."

"REASON" distinguishes between nature and intelligence. The distinction is artificial. Intelligence is as much a product of nature as turnips. Whatever exists or happens in this world of ours is natural. Man, body and mind, is natural. "Sin" is natural; so is virtue; so is the desire for war; so is the striving for peace; so is un-Christian competition which sends the weakest to the wall; so is Christian sympathy and co-operation which give the weakest a helping hand.

J. Stanton Winn makes the same mischievous mistake—contrasting nature and civilisation, as though the latter were not a product or phase of the former.

"Sin" and suffering are inexplicable mysteries. Only theologians and others of the would-be wise seek to explain them. They "have their reward" in the applause of the vulgar.

INQUIRER.

## LOVE IN WAR-TIME.

### How the Tender and Martial Feelings Help One Another.

#### "UNPATRIOTIC."

I AGREE with "R. F." that the present is a time for grave thoughts, not for the silly, non-sensical frivolity of love and marriage.

I had hoped that when war broke over the sentimentalists would take a rest, but far from this being the case the women seem to have turned the war into a gigantic marriage fête, judging from the weddings recorded. It is a shame that any man on going to the front should have the burden of a newly-wed wife added to his other troubles, and every girl responsible for this may congratulate herself upon having done the most unpatriotic thing that was personally possible for her to do. BACHELOR.

#### BEFORE BATTLE.

REGARDING your letter, "A. W. S.," I cannot but admire the attitude of your fiancé, and I consider he has proved himself a man of worth in refusing to marry you under the circumstances. Think it out again.

He is going into battle, and it is possible he may never return. He knows this, and it is on account of the love he holds for you that he refuses to bind you in wedlock.

It would be a very selfish love, in my opinion, if he were to enter into marriage in such a time. I read such cases daily—even of men returning from the front to get married—and I say, in justice to the lady, it should not be.

Cycle Corps, Gosport.

#### THE STIMULUS.

REFERRING to the remarks of "R. F." under the heading "Love and War," we wish to say that it is only love for one's country and his home that gives a brave soldier stimulus to fight at all; and a home without sentiment—what is it?

We wonder what our soldiers would think, if, on their return, they found a country such as you would have it—without sentiment and love. It is love for home that encourages our soldiers to fight.

THREE OFFICE GIRLS.

#### "BETTER OR WORSE."

I HEARTILY agree with "A. W. S." in all she says with regard to "War and Marriage," and I admire the view she takes.

I have no fiancé to send to the front, but if I had, I would do all in my power for us to be married before he went. Do we not marry "for better for worse, in sickness and in health"? Brighton. K.

#### SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.

HOW FUNNY some of these anti-sentimentalists are!

As if "Sentimental Tommy" ever paid the smallest attention to what people expect of him! He goes out to the front and fight. But when it comes to his having a little fun as well, they tell him that isn't part of his job.

Now one of the best things about Tommy is that he cares not a jot (to put it politely) for any of this talk. Let them talk! He trudges on and mingles love and war without harm to either. I suggest we cease criticising him.

C. H.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 5.—The lawn should be carefully attended to this month during dry weather. If the grass contains much moss, the turf should be well raked over and as much of the moss as possible removed. Then give the lawn a good dressing of ashes from the garden fire, mixed with soot and rich sandy soil. Sweep this about well.

Weedy lawns should be gone over and bare places can now be repaired with fresh, clean turf. Ground intended to be sown as a lawn must be dug over this month and made level. Seed must not be set down until April.

E. F. T.

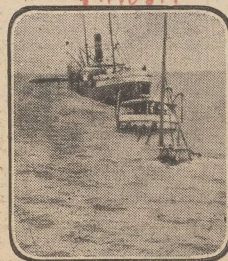


# RUSSIA'S NEW LOG TRENCHES.



In some parts of the country in Poland and Galicia the ground is so hard that it is impossible to dig trenches, and the stacking of felled trees has been resorted to by the Russians. A Russian officer is seen in one of the log trenches.

## SHIPS SUNK AS A BOOM.



Ships sunk by Germans to prevent British vessels proceeding up river to Duala.

## "JACK'S" HOOD.



Hoods are attached to the overcoats worn by our naval men. They need plenty of protection in winter.

## WELCOME POS



The Prussians have found their long winter wearying experiences of the war. Many of them are weary of the war.

## CARDINAL MERCIER'S OVATION.



Since the quarrel over the pastoral letter about Governor von Bissing Cardinal Mercier has shown himself little in public. We give, therefore, in the photograph one of the last times that he made a public appearance.

## MULES FOR THE ARMY: THE GE



A mule mounted brigade looks smart and trim.

The 8th (Reserve) London Howitzer Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, is the first artillery brigade in the British Army to use mules for driving in gun teams, although the experiment was tried long ago.



Bringing a gun along.

## AN APPOINTMENT.



The Hon. Neil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's son, has been appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

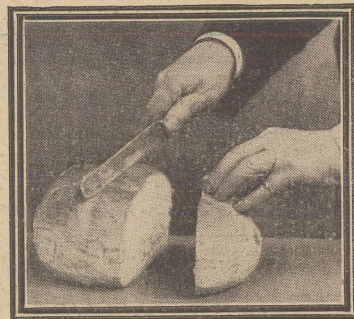
## WAR PRICES IN THE HOME WITH "PEACE" CONDITIONS ON THE SEA:



Coal has risen from 22s. to 36s. 8d. a ton.



Tea for 1s. 5d. then and now.



Housewife loses piece of loaf cut away.

These pictures illustrate how the housewife's purchasing power has declined since the war began. Assuming that she spends the same amount of money, she can buy less than she could before the war.



## IN POLAND.



The shows of the Polish trenches their most there for months. The occasional mili- some visitor.

## CHURCH SPIRE BURIED.



A German shell hit a church spire which broke off and fell upright into the ground.

## MISS O'MEARA.



Miss Grace O'Meara will be married to-day at Westminster Cathedral to Captain L. S. Smithers, 17th Infantry.

## NEW BOOTS FOR OLD IN RUSSIA.



After an action in the eastern campaign, the victorious Russian troops who had been marching and fighting in heavy country were rewarded by new boots sent up from the base. Good footwear is an essential to success in such a campaign as Russia is waging.

## ALL FIND THEM VERY STUBBORN.



splendid workers.



London Howitzer Brigade training mules for gun teams.

ious success in America. Although the mule is traditionally a stubborn animal, it can be trained as remarkable powers of endurance. The commanding officer has permission to take 150 recruits.

## NAVAL RESERVES' FIELD DAY.

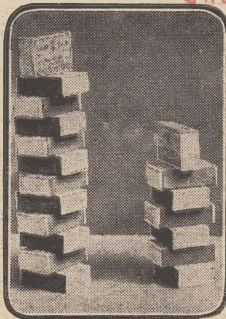


The Royal Naval Reserves in camp at Sydenham have held a field-day in the adjacent country. A landing party is seen awaiting an attack. They are screened by a hedgerow.

## HOUSEWIFE'S PURCHASING POWER HAS DECLINED IN FOOD AND COAL.



Housewife loses amount of milk in glass.

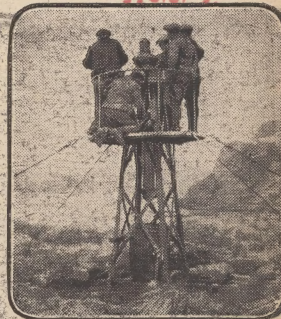


Less matches for 13d.



Housewife now only gets top scale of sugar.

## A WARNING LIGHT.



This lighthouse in South Georgia burns for six months, and is used by the whalers.

of money now as she did last August, you will see from the pictures how much less in food commodities she can now purchase.



# "How I Saved My Baby!"

Mrs. Slingsby's own Story of her Great Legal Fight, Illustrated by Exclusive Photographs, will appear in to-morrow's

# Weekly Dispatch

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES FOR THE TROOPS

From all quarters we hear the same simple request.

**"SEND US CIGARETTES."**

### TROOPS AT HOME (Duty Paid)

It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application

### TROOPS AT THE FRONT (Duty Free)

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, (will through the Proprietors for Export, (The British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd.) be pleased to arrange for supplies of this world-renowned Brand to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS,**  
Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

P475

**MACKINTOSH'S**

WORLD WIDE FENOWN

PURITY

FLAVOUR

VALUE

QUALITY

Butter, Sugar, Cream—all of the best—accounts for the **Quality, Purity and Wholesomeness** of Toffee de Luxe, but it is the perfect blending, and Mackintosh way of making, that accounts for its wholly delicious flavour.

**TOFFEE de LUXE**

### FREE SHOES!

Having purchased a Manufacturer's Stock, The Imperial Boot Co. have 1,000 Pairs of Ladies' Real **Guinea Kid Shoes** to offer. These Shoes are the latest Style, with Patent, Tressie and Cuban Heels, also in Square Toes and Low Heels. The usual price 6/11. We have decided to clear them at 3/6 a pair or 3 pairs for 11s., and persons sending for Shoes are entitled to a pair of Warm House Shoes **FREE**, as per order. Money returned immediately if not satisfied. State size, style of shoes required, and enclose P.O. (postage 4d.).

**THE IMPERIAL BOOT CO. (Dept. D.M.)**  
ST. JOHN'S AVENUE, LEICESTER.

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**25/-**  
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This Famous Package contains 1 complete Dinner Set for 6 persons, 1 complete Tea Set, 1 complete Breakfast Set, and 1 complete Bedroom Set. Beautiful design. Splendid quality. **SECURELY PACKED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 25/-.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Hundreds of "Daily Mirror" readers supplied and satisfied.

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**THE CENTURY POTTERY, DEPT D.M.2, BURSLEM, STAFFS**

## PALETHORPES' ROYAL CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES



**Same PRICE as before the WAR.**

Sold Everywhere! 60 medals Awarded! 62 years Renown!

Offices and Factory—**DUDLEY PORT.**

### IT'S A MOTHER'S DUTY

to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any abdominal complaint send now for my **FULLY ILLUSTRATED, Free Booklet**. It contains priceless information on women's internal complaints, and will be sent post free on request. It also explains, with the aid of illustrations, how to prevent all kinds of Displacement, Internal Weakness, etc., can be cured without Operations or Internal Instruments—the latter cause causers and tenders, and should be avoided at all costs. Send to-day to Mrs. CLARA E. NEATER, Dept. F.M.2, Burslem, Staffs. Established 25 years.

**FINANCIAL.** Rate, 5s. per line; minimum 2 lines. A. A.—Special Loans sent by post any distance, secretly, on own signature; all classes (male and female); £5 a wk. monthly, £10 a wk. monthly, £20 a wk. monthly; enclose stamp—J. Savers, 9, Minard-rd., Partick, N.B. CASH advanced, £5 to £1,000, privately to city clerks and London men generally in permanent positions on promissory notes; no fees charged or sureties or securities required; repayments; 10s. suit borrowers; other loans paid off—Richards and Co., 10 to 11, Lime St., City. Est. 1853.

**MONEY £25 TO £50,000** to lend to Ladies or Gentlemen, monthly, quarterly, or any other payments accepted. YOUR OWN BILL OR NOTE OF HAND (promissory to repay) is the only security we require. NO SURETIES. NO SECURITIES. Money urgently required can be had at a few hours' notice. Strict privacy. No preliminary fees. Those entitled to money, investments, property, or income, small or large, left by Will; or entitled by Settlement or Bond, can have cash loans immediately arranged as follows: £100 to £500 only costs £5 a year each £100; £500 to £25,000 " £5 10s. a year each £100. Loan can remain any number of years unpaid, or until the legacy is paid or when the estate is divided.—Write (any distance) or call.

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**LOANS DURING WAR AS USUAL. IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES £20 TO £20,000** can be obtained AT 5s. REPAYMENT NOTICE ON YOUR SIMPLE PROMISE TO REPAY. Repayments to Suit your Own Convenience. NO PRELIMINARY FEES. ALL Communications strictly Private. LONDON & PROVINCES DISCOUNT CO., LTD., 78, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C. Wire "LORONA," London. Phone Bank 8532.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.** Rate 2s. 6d. per line; minimum 2 lines. C. RAMPHORE—24-guinea hornless model, inlaid cabinet, on wheels; Louvre; 2nd floor; 2nd floor; powerful motor; record cupboard, enclosed; grand selection records; perfect tone; £5 12s. 6d., approval—58, Cambridge St., Hyde Park, W. PIANOS—Boyd Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 5s. 6d. per month, carriage paid; catalogue, rec.—Boyd Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.



# JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore, may be won."

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**JEAN DELAVAL**, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

**LIONEL CRAVEN**, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

**ASHLEY CRESWICK**, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

**FAY CRESWICK**, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

**DEREK TRENCH**, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

**LIONEL CRAVEN**, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven is very silent. Then he tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench confesses to his wife that he has fallen in love with the girl. Derek Trench confesses to his wife that he has fallen in love with the girl. Derek Trench confesses to his wife that he has fallen in love with the girl.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds a friendship for cheaply. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff.

Ashley Creswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she cables to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out, a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroeder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to Africa. He believes it, and books a passage back.

Returning to his brother's, he finds a girl standing by his private safe. He cannot resist. "You, Jean!" he cries.

She tells him, amongst other things, that it is quite untrue and never wanting to go back to South Africa. He is called out of the room for a moment, and when he returns Jean has vanished.

Trench finds out that she has returned to Africa. He believes it, and books a passage back. Trench finds out that she has returned to Africa. He believes it, and books a passage back.

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should be hoaxed into giving his quittance in return for his own money.

Nevertheless, he was by no means blind to the sequel. It was all very well to get a thrill of pleasure at the success of his plan, but what was he to do when he had carried it out?

Jean Delaval would be rescued from Creswick's clutches, and she and Lionel be brought together again—but what then?

Lionel, watching him through half-closed eyes, saw the unconscious shrug of the shoulders and wondered what he was thinking of.

Even if he had asked the question, it was certain he would have got no answer. Derek was picturing his return to Africa. He was not alarmed for his material prospects—with his experience he knew he would be snapped up at once in his old position as overseer; yet the work itself seemed at that moment quite intolerable.

Lionel wondered at his continued silence. He might give his friend credit for a delicacy which prevented him from talking, but the expression on Derek's face was more like worry than delicacy, and Lionel felt himself vaguely alarmed.

At sudden thought flashed across him that there was some hitch, that something had happened which Trench did not like to tell him. He leaned forward in his seat.

"What's up, old chap?" he asked. "Anything wrong?"

Derek Trench straightened himself in his corner and a puckered smile came back to his eyes.

"Why, no," he replied. "Everything's going swimmingly."

"I thought you looked anxious about something."

"What on earth should I be anxious about?"

"I didn't know. It occurred to me that you might expect to find some trouble in getting her address."

Derek laughed. "Her address, my dear boy, is in my pocket-book at the present moment."

"You've got it, then? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Didn't I?"

"No; you said you could get it from Mrs. Macdonald."

"Well, you must forgive my reticence," said Derek, "but I know what you are. If I'd told you last night that I had it you'd have been running about by the midnight train, or something equally foolish."

The conversation flagged again for a while, and again Lionel was the first to break it.

"It seems a mad idea to me," he said, "to come right down here."

"Nothing mad about it at all," Derek replied. "We can't be too careful. If your brother knew what we were up to and that you weren't sailing to Africa after all the cheque I have in my pocket, he'd stop us—where and then where should we be?"

"I suppose you're right, as usual," said Lionel, "but it seems silly all the same. How are we going to get to Folkestone? Have we got to go by the Dover train?"

"My dear fellow," said Trench, "if we had to go on foot I wouldn't let you show your nose in London again. As a matter of fact, I believe there's a motor-car on its way from Chichester and Brighton. We'll find out when we get there. We ought to be at Folkestone by five o'clock."

"And you are going to stay with me?" asked Lionel anxiously. He was learning to rely more and more on his friend.

"Only till to-morrow," Derek replied. "I must be back first thing on Monday morning. There's that banking account to be opened, and it will be just as well if I call at Kensington and get the most harrowing details of your departure."

They reached Southampton at last, the train running then right down to the docks. There were little heated arguments over the wording of the telegram. Derek wanted to add a phrase about "love and good luck," but Lionel was contemptuously obstinate. He had a heavy score to settle with Ashley when once Jean had been delivered from his tender mercies, and although the time had not yet come, he could not bring himself to dilute his impatient anger with hypocrisy.

Lionel tried to argue when he saw the impossibility of moving him, but pretending to give way, took the telegram himself and added the words surreptitiously.

"And now for Folkestone," he said cheerfully as he came back.

Fay Creswick felt a load removed from her mind when she read Lionel's wire, and when she saw Derek's accurate penetration that the affectionate phrase he had added without Lionel's knowledge was a greater relief to her than even the message itself.

Till it came to her hand, she had been moving about the house like an unquiet spirit, her pale face and luminous eyes commented on with whispers in the kitchen.

She hardly knew why the knowledge that Lionel had sailed should give her such ease, for the motive which had prompted her to scheme to this end had long since become of secondary importance. Perhaps it was that until he had sailed she had had no room for the thought of a plan to avoid the still more present danger of her first husband's reappearance.

With Lionel out of the way and Ashley's ruin averted, she could now devote the whole of her wonderful mental equipment to finding some means of preventing her own downfall.

She almost sobbed with relief when Ashley came home. "It's all right," she said, putting the telegram in his hand. "We have been worrying ourselves in vain; the boy has gone."

"Thanks to you, my wonderful little woman,"

he said. "Whatever should I do without you, Fay?"

He took her very cautiously in his arms, for he had learned to expect a rebuff on such occasions, but to his surprise she succumbed lifelessly, and laid her head against his shoulder.

But after he had stooped to kiss her he held her in his arms, and searched her face anxiously, for her lips were as cold as ice.

## JEAN IS SURPRISED.

WHEN Jean Delaval, left unexpectedly alone while Lionel replied to Fay's letter, realised something of the danger in which she stood, she had searched wildly for some means of escape.

Curiously enough, the feeling that overwhelmed her at the moment was not so much the sudden appearance of Lionel Craven, staggering and incomprehensible though it was, still less was it the mysterious statement he had made about seeing her name on the passenger-list of a steamer going to Africa. It was the horrifying fact that he had found her in an odorous position, standing close to the door of the door which he must have seen her shut.

Indeed, any hope she might have formed that her action had escaped detection was contradicted by the look on his face when he first entered the room. This had gone certainly when he realised who the culprit was, but she knew quite well his suspicions would return to him as soon as he had time to think.

Perhaps, even now, when he returned he would accuse her. She could not bear it. There must be some way of escape before he came back.

She stood for a moment undecided and then her eyes fell on the door of the little conservatory. She had no idea whether it led, but in the panic which possessed her soul she hardly stopped to think what fatal emphasis it would lend to the suspicions he had already formed.

She turned the handle and without staying to close the door behind her, ran out into the darkness.

Her bent wings to her feet, and some good fortune took her straight to the wooden gate in the high brick wall. The key turned easily in her hand, and in a moment she was free. She hurried on through stables and past a motor-garage till she came into a street. She had no idea where she was or how soon she would be pursued, but an empty cab passing her at the moment she almost fiercely told the man to drive her to Charing Cross.

When she reached her apartments at Folkestone, faint with weariness and sick with the emotions she had passed through.

It would have been the coping-stone to her torture if she had found her father awaiting her in one of his questioning moods; but she saw with unspeakable relief that he was sleeping peacefully.

The sight of his emaciated face gave her strength, and in the consciousness that what she was doing was right, the bitterness of knowing what Lionel must think of her found some alleviation.

As she was but a crumb of comfort, and as she moved about the sick room attending to the obvious duties that came to her hand, the anguish and the hopelessness of it all came poignantly before her.

For a moment she almost infinitely she had added to her own torture by her well meant visit to Kensington. Lionel would find her now; he was hardly the man to leave her alone to her wretchedness.

She would get her address from Ashley Creswick; he would follow her to Folkestone and move heaven and earth to persuade her to alter the resolution she had made—fool that she was to have gone!

Yet how could she have foreseen it? How could she know that Fate was so determined to make her drain off the last drops of bitterness? For it only needed this to make her torture almost unendurable. Now that she could see it in the calm light of reason, she saw vividly how foolish her flight had been. She would have acted better far to have stood her ground, to have told him the whole truth and to have thrown herself on his mercy.

She tried to review the situation calmly. Whatever happened, how could she retreat from her promise to Piet Hepstein? By this time it was his way to England. Every hour and every minute shortened the distance which separated him from her.

Vainly she kept telling herself that it was no promise she had made. She had made it very cautiously, so that it should read only as a conditional request. She had not asked the man to come to England; if he chose to read a promise into her words that was his own affair.

(Continued on page 11.)

## A 5/- BOX OF MY FAT-CURE

FREE TO ANY LADY TO TRY.

My Remedy Freed Me from 4st. 8lbs. of Fat at the rate of 1lb. a Day, and to Prove that it Will Do As Much for Other Women, I Offer 5,000 5/- Boxes Free to Try.

## SEND THE COUPON BELOW

I bore the miseries of over-fatness for nine years. I laboured under an intolerable burden of nearly five stone of superfluous flesh which nothing could remove.

All ordinary remedies failed me, but after many trials and experiments something happened which gave me the clue to the cause of my obesity, and this led me to a discovery which reduced me 4st. 8lb. in 5 weeks.

My remedy has done as much for hundreds of other women as it has for me. It is a woman's cure, for women only. Nobody but a woman could have discovered it.



Mrs. M. SEYMOUR.

Knowing what my remedy has already done for myself and others, I have implicit faith in what it can do for those who have not yet tried it. I know it will rid you of your fat, give you health, grace, strength, and practically everything that makes life worth living to a woman.

I know that if you will close my treatment, a fair trial you will write to me with just the same satisfaction that is expressed in the letters I receive daily from other ladies who have been cured.

I have sent aside 5,000 5/- boxes of my remedy for free trial.

I ask you to post the coupon below to me now and accept one of these packages. If you are satisfied with the result, pay me 5s. If not, pay nothing. My offer is open only to any lady who is subject to over-fatness and who has not yet tried my remedy.

My remedy is for women only, and I can only send one package to each lady. I ask you to enclose a penny stamp to pay for postage, if you cannot call.

Nobody but a woman who has experienced the strength of mind and the freedom of a clear conscience that a new life which is lifted from her life when she gets rid of her fatness. Let this joy be yours. I am as certain my remedy will cure you as that it cured me. Send to me to-day.

These two portraits give some idea of what I gained in appearance when I lost my fat. I took off 10 inches from my waist, 9 inches from my hips, and averaged one-and-a-half-inch loss per day.

COUPON FOR 5/- BOX ON FREE TRIAL.

Please send me a 5/- box of your Cure for Obesity in Women. I enclose a penny stamp for postage. If I have not tried your remedy before. D.M. 6/2/15

NAME (Mrs. or Miss) \_\_\_\_\_

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To Mrs. M. SEYMOUR, 7, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

UNTIL MIXTURE

A Blend of the Finest Tobaccos.

6d. per 2/- Quarter Pound Tins.

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ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE

TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE

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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mrs. Birrell.

Tennyson when she married the brilliant author of "Obiter Dicta." She has always shared her husband's literary and political sympathies.

## A Man of Parts.

Besides being the most popular Chief Secretary that Ireland has ever possessed and perhaps the most finished essayist of the present generation, Mr. Birrell has all sorts of fine qualities. He is a great friend and a great conversationalist. I don't think he cares much for daily papers or Fleet-street. When he was introducing a young friend of mine into journalism some years ago he did the kindly deed with these words: "You will find Fleet-street a strange place. If you meet a prosperous man there it is quite probable he is either a knave or a fool. If you meet another man in rags it is just as probable that he is a genius."

## All the Sights of Town.

What a nice bright place London is on a spring-like morning. Yesterday's early sunshine tempted me to a long motor-omnibus ride that was full of interest. Take the Strand, for instance. In something less than 120 seconds I passed a group of six or seven Belgian nuns in huge white coifs, a couple of Indian soldiers in khaki drill and solar topees, and a camel.

## Quite Bright.

How is that for a crowded two minutes of life? The Belgian nuns and the Indian soldiers one could understand, but the camel! Yes, the London streets on a sunny morning are quite bright spots.

## Two More Weddings.

There will be two very notable weddings to-day, one in London and the other at Welton, East Yorkshire, so a fair gossip tells me. In town the Hon. Isabel Shaw, the youngest—the only unmarried—daughter of Lord and Lady Shaw of Dunfermline, will marry Captain Richard H. Vaughan Thompson, of the Royal Fusiliers, the only son of the late Mr. E. Vaughan Thompson and Mrs. Vaughan Thompson, of Sheen Wood, East Sheen. The ceremony is to be very quiet, and only about fifty friends are expected, in addition to members of both families.

## Another Quiet Ceremony.

The other wedding is to take place very quietly owing to the recent death of Mr. Henry Harrison-Broadley, M.P., of Welton House, Brough. His youngest daughter, Lou, is to marry Flight-Lieutenant J. P. Wilson this morning at St. Helen's Church, Welton, and instead of a reception afterwards there will be a wedding breakfast for the family and near relatives only. The bride has chosen a very simple wedding gown of white charmeuse with a quaint-cut coat trimmed with white marabout, and her hat is of charmeuse edged with chiffon, and it has a dainty wreath of orange blossoms.

## Not Heavy Duties.

Many congratulations, I hear, reached Mr. Neil Primrose yesterday on his promotion to a seat on the Treasury Bench. His duties in the House will not be heavy. Two afternoons a week, when Sir Edward Grey, his chief, is engaged at the Foreign Office, he will be required to read the typewritten answers to questions on foreign affairs. He will, of course, sometimes be put under the fire of supplementary questions, but those who know him intimately assure me that he can be confidently relied upon to keep a discreet tongue in his head.

## A Speech Yet to Come.

Mr. Primrose's work would, of course, be much heavier if his chief were a member of the Upper House. He would then be frequently required to speak in debate on foreign affairs on behalf of the Government. With Sir Edward Grey in the Commons it will only be on minor matters that the young Under-Secretary will address the House. Strangely enough, Mr. Primrose has never, I believe, yet made a speech in the House on foreign affairs.

## Germany's War Fashions.

In the sacred cause of the Fatherland and to show due hatred of England, Germans have now officially struck against our fashions. As the result of a number of conferences a series of designs for summer fashions by members of the "Deutschen Werkbund" are being exhibited in Berlin. Patriotic women will base their "true German fashions" on these designs and they will be carried out by German tailors using German materials.

## Bell-Shaped Dresses.

In the first place, Germans are placing an absolute ban on hobble skirts. The dress of the future in Berlin is to be bell-shaped. Very tiny jackets will be worn with costumes. There is to be no radical change in tea-gowns, but I understand tussore silk is to be much used this year. Men also are not to be neglected. For instance, for early spring wear the patriotic German who is not Hunning at the front will wear dark clothes, very loose in cut. Soft hats for men are no longer fashionable, and the "ulster" is a sign of everything that is out of date.

## Should Children Wear Khaki?

This question of clothing is simply wearing down Germans. The latest question debated in quite serious papers is whether young boys and girls should this year be dressed in "Feld-grau," the German equivalent for khaki. After a long debate the *Vossische Zeitung* argues that it would be unpatriotic for anyone but a soldier to wear the German khaki. Unpatriotic is not the word I should have chosen after what the Huns have done.

## The Master Wag.

This pleasant-looking German sailor looks a humorist, and he is. He is the merry Admiral von Pohl, Chief of the German Admiralty Staff and the wag who announced yesterday that Britain was to be blockaded! After yesterday's amusing announcement one begins to realise who the funny man was who thought out that brilliant scheme of winning the war for the Fatherland by renaming Ostend, Kales.



Admiral von Pohl.

## They Believe Him.

It must have been von Pohl—I see the hand of the master wag in both schemes—and I await anxiously his next little jest. Of course, the German people believe in him, and so they would if the All-Highest of All the War Lords were, to-morrow—at Pohl's instigation—to proclaim that victory was secured and the Great German people had made peace on their own terms.

## Just Believe, That's All.

They have a quaint sense of humour those Prussians, but they tell me you mustn't ask too many questions in Germany just now about the achievements of the High Sea Fleet. Just believe von Pohl and all will be well, is the sort of unofficial motto of the true German.

## He Has a Russian Decoration.

As German sailors go, Admiral von Pohl is quite a scaman, having entered the navy in 1876, when he was twenty-one years old. After a year on the ocean wave in the Carola he was attached to the Admiralty. He spent his time until 1898 between the Admiralty and the cruiser Wuertemberg, but eventually obtained command of the cruiser Hansa, and fought in China. His decorations include the Russian order of St. Stanislaw, and at Kiel, where he lives, he is quite a celebrity.

## "Run, Postman."

"Run, postman, run, and be a soldier's chum." That was the inscription on an envelope that reached me yesterday from a soldier in training in the Midlands. He wrote asking for one of our footballs. He is just back from India, he says, and he and his friends find it hard to keep warm. Therefore they want a football to help. He shall have one in due course.

## Makes Fifty Soldiers Happy.

Yesterday we held our own fairly well. Reinforcements came along both in money and footballs, and our total is nearing the 1,700 mark, a total that, I hope, will be passed during the week-end. But the trenches are still asking for balls, so help, please. Send me a football and make fifty "Tommys" happy.

## Racing in Paris.

There has not been any racing in Paris since the war, but they are talking about reviving the sport of kings there, even if the horses run only in the presence of their owners, "sans toilettes et sans pari-mutuel."

## Loss of a Belgian Soldier Wanted.

The Baron de Belaire, the French Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, asks me to invoke the aid of my readers on behalf of a Belgian refugee who is now domiciled in the centre of France. She is a Mme. Steenssens, and she is terribly anxious to learn some news of her husband, M. Auguste Steenssens, who was wounded some months ago and was in hospital, first of all, at Hoboken, Belgium, and subsequently was sent to a hospital or convalescent home in England. Will any reader who can help in this matter please communicate with me?

## "The Little Yellow Dogs."

I have just finished reading a merry and racy account of a trip to America, written by Mr. George A. Isaacs, who is secretary of the Operative Prieters and Assistants' Society. He went to America as a delegate to a Trades Union Congress, but he seems to have got a lot of fun out of his trip. The incident of "The Little Yellow Dogs," for instance.

## The Penalty of Laughter.

"The Little Yellow Dogs is," Mr. Isaacs explains, "an organisation for promoting fun and frolic." And then he explains his initiation into the secrets of the community. "I was placed upon the initiation form and prepared for the ceremony. First of all, the Grand Initiator told us the entrance fee was 'one quarter.' We were then warned that a smile or laugh would be punished by a fine of an equal amount. I made a noble effort to restrain my risible faculties, but my success was my downfall, for a part of the ceremony demands that the candidate must whistle. To be told to whistle just when you are trying hard not to smile, and when you feel like bursting with laughter, is about the limit, and I fell. That cost me 'two bits.'"

# Hot Soup for Freezing Soldiers

You have read of the sufferings of our gallant soldiers in the trenches, exposed for days and nights together to the bitter wintry weather, sometimes standing for many hours waist deep in icy water, often completely paralysed with the cold. You know they are bearing these hardships with manly fortitude for your sake.

Do you realise that you can send each of these men 1½ pints of Hot Nourishing Soup for the small cost of 3d.?

What can possibly comfort and help these brave men like a basin of good, thick, hot, nourishing soup? Our soldiers tell you this plainly. Read what they say about it themselves.

**A War Correspondent writes:**—"I was making my way from Dunkirk to Fumes when I was forced to share in with a party of Belgian soldiers for the night. I had with me two packets of Foster Clark's Tomato Soup; we succeeded in getting a con, and by the aid of a contrivance which has been supplied to soldiers in the trenches, this being lit, we in less than fifteen minutes were enjoying TOMATO SOUP IN THE TRENCHES. This, indeed, was a luxury, twenty-one men each sharing in the 4d. dish. It would have filled your heart with delight to have seen the pleasure on the faces of these men, but the only drawback of it all was that there was not enough to satisfy, three pints shared between twenty-one."

**One Soldier writes:**—"An old lady sent some of Foster Clark's 2d. Soups to one of the men in our trench. He shared it round, it was most delicious."

**A Lady writes:**—"My only brother is at the front, he has written me particularly to send him some of your 2d. Soup Squares," and adds, "I want to send him some for himself and his Company in this awful weather."

**A Sailor writes:**—"I received from home recently half a dozen of your Soup Squares, and I find that the excellence of their flavour, together with the ease attached to their preparation, makes them an ideal pick-me-up during the cold night watches at sea."

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares are made from the purest and most nourishing ingredients; you could not wish for better, more Wholesome, or more delicious soup.



We will send POST FREE to any soldier at the front

12	Squares of Soup for	3/-
36	" " " "	7/6
66	" " " "	12/-

or for 1/- per parcel less to Soldiers in Camp in the British Isles or Soldiers with the Fleet.

These soups are kept by most grocers—try them and see how good they are. A sample packet sent post free for 2d.

FOSTER CLARK (Dept. 10), Maidstone, Kent.

There are six varieties—  
OXTAIL, TOMATO, MOCK-TURTLE, LENTIL, MULLIGATAWNY, GREEN PEA.

(Each square enough for 1½ pints.)

# FOSTER CLARK'S 2D. SOUP SQUARES



Lieut. C. B. Fry.

## Debt to C. B. Fry.

With the knowledge of all our Fleet is doing and has done to keep our shores inviolate, it must be a satisfying thought to Mr. C. B. Fry to realise that his training ship, the *Mercury*, has supplied no fewer than 1,000 of the gallant fellows who man that Navy. We owe this famous athlete a great debt for giving up sport to devote himself to what he termed "the serious business of his life."

## Only One "C. B."

Through his patriotism the great "C. B." as he will always be known, has dropped a great deal out of public life. And his widespread fame was never better emphasised than in *Punch's* famous joke at the time when Campbell-Bannerman's Administration came into office:—Father (reading from his paper): "They've made 'C. B.' Prime Minister." Son: "Good old Fry!"

## His First Great Jump.

Of all the stories told of Mr. Fry's athletic prowess that describing how he discovered his ability as a jumper is perhaps the most amusing. One day, in his youth, he saw a terrier, foaming at the mouth, come dashing out of a hedge towards him. With a vision of hydrophobia, "C. B." took the hedge and a ditch in one wild leap and was up a plum tree a few moments later. The dog, however, followed, and sat at the bottom of the tree, whereupon Mr. Fry saw that it was not mad, but had a toad in its mouth. So he came down from his perch, and went to look at what he had jumped over. The hedge was higher than his head.

## Alsatian Wit.

In Alsace this is how they distinguish between an accident and a misfortune. If a Prussian falls into the Rhine and is drowned, that's an accident. If he is pulled out alive, that's a misfortune. THE RAMBLER.



21/-—BABY'S LONG CAREER, for everything require  
cent 4s. parcel, 82 articles, a perfection of a moth  
beautifully-made garment: bargain. 21s.: approval.  
personal work: new: worn: Dept. 14). PAWN BROKE  
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284, BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.



# Admiral Sturdee Visits Wounded at His Native Village: Photograph

MISS Quirk Receives  
£350 Damages in  
Curious Breach Case :

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

THE Rise in Food  
Prices Shown at a  
Glance : : : Pictures.

TINY GIRL EXERCISES THE HOUNDS WHILE THE MEN ARE FIGHTING.

P. 16969



As so many of the men are serving their King and country, Vera Roak, the six-year-old daughter of the huntsman of the Hambledon Hunt (Hampshire), exercises the hounds

every day. She always wears the white coat and bowler as a badge of authority, and exacts obedience from every member of the pack.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

P. 16969

MISS QUIRK WINS.

P. 16961



Miss Minnie Quirk, who was awarded £350 damages yesterday. She was plaintiff in a remarkable action for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant was her dead lover's executor.



Riding one of the hounds. She knows them all by name.

SUIT DISMISSED.

P. 16968



Mrs. Bessie Hurst, whose petition for a judicial separation was dismissed yesterday. In the circle is her husband, Mr. Clarence Hurst, an actor, and formerly a stockbroker.